

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, gleeful singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice. If Speed fails, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to cripple himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"They fool you sometimes," said Skinner. "By-the-way, what have you bet?"

"We laid the photograph again their treasures an' trappin's."

"But how much money?"

"We got three hundred pesos down, but they sent word they was comin' loaded for b'ar, so we rustled five hundred more."

Skinner's eyes gleamed. "I wish I had a couple of hundred to bet on myself."

"Broke, eh?"

"I'm as clean as a hound's tooth."

"I'm sorry y'all tossed off your wages, but"—Gallagher started suspiciously—"say! I reckon that won't affect your runnin' none, will it?"

Skinner admitted that he could run best when he had something to run for. "You might advance me a month's wages," he reflected.

"I'll do it. Hello! Say, ain't that one of them Flyin' Heart city visitors?" From the direction of the ranch buildings Berkeley Fresno was approaching.

"Good-afternoon! You are Mr. Gal-



"Bet This for Me, and Don't Let On Where It Comes From."

agher, I believe? I rode over with our crowd just now." Fresno looked back. "Let's step around to the other side of the corral; I want to talk to you." He led the way; then inquired, "Is this your runner?"

"That's him. His name's Skinner, and that's a promisin' title to bet on." Gallagher slipped a roll of bank-notes from his pocket. "Unhook! I'll get you."

"No, no! I think myself Mr. Skinner will win. That's why I'm here."

"Strip your hand, son. I don't savvy."

And Fresno explained.

"You see, I'm a guest over there; but there's no sentiment with me in money matters." He produced a wallet, and took from it five one-hundred-dollar bills. "Bet this for me, and don't let on where it came from. I'll see you after the race. Mind you, not a word!"

"I'm dumb as the Egyptian Sphinx."

"This race means a lot to me, Mr. Skinner. The guest of the Flying Heart Ranch turned to its enemy. "There's a girl in it. Understand?" The cook showed the gleam of his teeth. "If you win, I'll send you some wedding-cake and—a box of cigars."

"Thanks," said the other; "but I've got a bum tooth, and I don't smoke."

As Fresno left, there approached,

in a surging group, the opposing side. "Good-evenin', Gabby!" Stover called, loudly, as he came within speaking distance. "Here we come en massy, and with ladies, to further embarrass and degrade you in the hour of your defeat!"

"We ain't defeated yit! How do, Mr. Chapin."

"Did you get our message?"

"Yes. But we ain't seen the color of y'all's money."

"Mr. Speed borrowed five hundred dollars from me, and said he might want more," Chapin volunteered.

"Is that all?"

"All!" Jeered Still Bill. "Why, this many layout ain't never saw that much money," upon which Gallagher carelessly displayed a corpulent roll of bills, remarking:

"Count a thousand, Bill. It all goes on Skinner."

"I ain't heard of no train-robbery," muttered the lanky foreman of the Flying Heart, "nor I don't aim to handle no tainted money." And Stover and Gallagher faced each other hard before turning.

Jean saw it, and whispered to Chapin: "Oh, Jack, dear, I'm so terribly frightened!" But Helen Blake, who overheard, left her companions and went straight to Gallagher.

"I should like," she said, "to wager a few dollars on Mr. Speed and the honor of the Flying Heart."

Both Skinner and his foreman stared at her nonplussed.

"You don't look like a bettin' lady," the latter managed to remark, jocularly.

"I'm not, I never made a wager before in all my life; but you see, Mr. Gallagher, I believe in our man."

Gallagher lowered his eyes. "How much do you aim to risk, miss?"

"I don't know what the rules are, but I think our side ought to bet as much as your side. That is the way it is done, isn't it?"

"You mean that you aim to cover what Mr. Speed don't?" The girl nodded.

Gallagher spoke admiringly. "You're right game, miss; but I reckon we don't want your money."

"Why not?"

"I suppose there ain't no partic'lar reason."

"If Mr. Speed can beat Mr. Covington, who is the best runner at Yale, I'm sure he can defeat Mr. Skinner, who never went to college at all. They have all turned against him, and he—he is so brave!" Miss Blake's indignation was tearful, and Gallagher spoke hurriedly:

"He may be brave all right, miss, but he can't win unless Skinner dies. You save your money to buy chocolates an' bon-mots, miss. Why, listen! (the stockman softened his voice in a fatherly manner): "This Fresno party is wise; five hundred of this coin is his."

Helen uttered a cry. "Do you mean he is betting against Mr. Speed?"

"Nothin' else."

"Despicable!" breathed the girl. "Wait a moment, please!" Helen hurried back to Chapin, while Gallagher muttered something like "I ain't takin' no orphan's money."

"Jack!" (the girl was trembling with excitement), "you told me on the way over that you had five hundred dollars with you. Let me have it, please. I'll give you my check when we get home."

"My dear girl, you aren't going to—bet it?"

"Yes, I am."

"Don't do that."

For answer she snatched the pocket-book from his hand.

"Mr. Gallagher!" she called. Skinner watched from afar. "Some class to that gal!" was what he said, which proved that he was a person not wholly without sentiment.

CHAPTER XVII.

PEED leaped down from the buckboard in which Carara had driven him and Glass over to the Centipede corral.

"I told you to jump out when we crossed that bridge," was Larry's reproach to him. "You could have broke your arm. Now—it's too late."

But Speed joined his friends with the most cheerful of greetings. They responded nervously, shocked at his flippant assurance.

"This, Mr. Speed, is the scene of your defeat!" Gallagher made the introduction.

"And this is Mr. Skinner, no doubt?" Wally shook hands with the Centipede runner, who stared at him, refused to recognize his knowing wink, and turned away.

"You think pretty well of yourself, don't you?" suggested Gallagher unpleasantly, and Speed laughed. There was no reason why he should not laugh. Either way his hour had come.

"I s'pose that satchel is full of

money?" Gallagher pointed to the satchel.

"On the contrary, it is full of clothes. It is I who contain the money." He thrust a cold palm into his pocket as Covington dragged him aside to advise him not to be an utter idiot, to throw his money away if he must, but to throw it to charity or to his friends.

"Yes," Glass seconded, lugubriously, "and hold out enough to buy me a 'Gates Ajar' in immortelles." But he said also, as if to himself, "He may be wrong in the burr, but he's a game little guy."

As the Centipede foreman counted the money, Helen came forward, announcing:

"You'll have to win now, won't you, Mr. Speed? I've wagered five hundred dollars on you. I bet against Mr. Fresno."

"Fresno! So he's out from cover at last, eh?"

"I haven't been under cover," spoke up the Californian. "I've been wise all along."

Chapin wheeled. "Does it seem to you quite the thing to bet against our man, Fresno?" he inquired, his glance full in the other's eyes.

"Why not?" There's no sentiment in financial affairs."

Speed shrugged. "Our tenor friend will sing his way back to California." He turned with his thanks to Helen.

"The talkin' machine!" interrupted Still Bill suddenly. A group of men was approaching, who bore the photograph upon a dry-goods box, and deposited it in state beside the race-course.

"Say, Gabby, s'pose you give us a tune, just to show she's in good order."

"Suspicious, eh?"

"You bet! There's a monologue I'd admire to hear. It's called—"

"We'll have 'The Holy City,'" said Willie, positively. "It's more appropriate."

So, with clumsy fingers, Gallagher fitted a record, then wound up the machine under the jealous eyes of the Flying Heart cowboys.

Drawn by the sound, Skinner, wrapped to the chin in his blanket, idled toward the crowd, affording Glass a sight of his face for the first time. The latter started as if stung, and crying under his breath, "Salted car-horse!" drew his employer aside.

"Say," he said, pointing a finger, "who's that?"

"Skinner, the man I run."

Glass groaned. "His name ain't Skinner; that's 'Whiz' Long. Six years ago I saw him win the Sheffield Handicap from scratch in nine-three."

Then, as Speed did not seem to be particularly impressed, "Don't you understand, Wally? He's a pro; this is his game!"

To which the younger man replied, serenely and happily, "It's fixed."

"What's fixed?"

"The race. It's all arranged—framed."

"Who framed it? How? When?"

"Sh-h! I did! Yesterday; by stealth, I fixed it."

"You win from 'Whiz' Long, and you can't run under fifteen?"

Wally nodded. "I told him that—it's all right."

"You told him?" Glass staggered. "It's all right? Say! Don't you know he's the fastest, crookedest, cheatingest, double-crossingest—why, he just came to feel you out!"

And Speed turned dizzy.

"And you fell for that old stuff!" Larry's voice was trembling with anger and disgust. "Why, that's part of his 'work.' He's double-crossed ev-



"Mr. Gallagher!" She Called.

ery runnin' mate he ever had. He'd cheat his mother. Wait!"

Skinner had left the crowd, and was seated now in the shade of the corral fence. He glanced upward from beneath his black brows as Larry reached and greeted him. "Hello, Whiz! I just 'made' you—" Then he shook his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Quaint Charity.

A quaint charity exists in South Shields, Eng., which operates, according to the will of the deceased donor, once a year. It is known as the "Winter-temple Awards for Unmarried Female Domestic Servants," and the chief object is to reward domestics for faithful and satisfactory service. This year the candidates numbered 16, and all fulfilled the conditions, which are that they shall have not less than ten years' service in one situation. The last awards ranged from \$15 down to \$12.50, according to length of service.

What the Public Wants?

"But are there no plays presented at the theaters on this planet," asked the astounded visitor from Mars, "that are fit for a modest young girl to see?" "None worth mentioning," responded the mundane host, reflexively scratching his jaw. "That sort of play, you see, doesn't pay now days."

FIRE INSURANCE RATES ADOPTED

SCHEDULE ON BUILDINGS USED BY VARIOUS TOBACCO INTERESTS ANNOUNCED.

GENERAL REDUCTION MADE

Board Will Fix Charge Instead of Companies For Unsafe Arrangement of Boilers, Flues, Etc.

Western Newspaper Union News Service

Frankfort.—The state insurance board adopted a schedule of fire insurance rates for buildings used for various industries of the tobacco business to become effective December 1. The general reduction of the present rates on loose leaf warehouses is 35 per cent, and on their contents 25 per cent; on storage warehouses, 30 per cent, on their contents 15 per cent; on frame stemmeries and re-handling houses, 10 per cent, and on brick stemmeries and re-handling houses 25 per cent. Basic rates on each \$100 value of the brick buildings were reduced, as follows: Storage houses, from 50 cents to 40 cents; sales houses and loose leaf houses, \$1 to 75 cents; pricing and re-handling houses and stemmeries, \$1.75 to \$1.50, and drying houses \$2 to \$1.75. To this rate 40 cents, instead of 50 cents, is added for frame construction, and 15 cents, instead of 25 cents, for iron-clad construction on a wood skeleton; 5 cents, instead of 10 cents, for wood foundation, and the change for brick-pier foundation is abolished. Excess charge over the standard area charge is cut from 3 cents to 2 cents for each 2,500 square feet in loose leaf warehouses, and no charge is made for area unless the building is over 25,000 square feet, the excess charge being formerly for 10,000 square feet, charge for warehouses over three stories high is abolished, except in unprotected towns.

The board will fix the charge, instead of the companies, for unsafe arrangements of boilers, flues, electric fixtures or any other undesirable conditions of the buildings and direct the changes desired. The system of the cumulative exposure is abolished, even in unprotected towns. Heretofore the rates have been the same on buildings as their contents, but on account of the nature of tobacco and its susceptibility to damage by smoke and water as well as fire the board decided that rates on brick buildings in protected cities should be lower than on the tobacco, and the rates on buildings were reduced 30 per cent, and on their contents 20 per cent. Further reductions are made for buildings equipped with standpipes and chemical extinguishers.

Tobacco Report Delayed.

The Census Bureau at Washington has completed its canvass of the quantity of leaf tobacco on hand on October 1 last. As yet, however, the bureau has been unable to announce the result, but tabulations are proceeding and it is stated the statistics will be made public probably November 15.

Director William P. Harris, of the Census Bureau, said that much difficulty is encountered in the collection of the data, because many dealers either unintentionally or wilfully neglect to make the census reports until they are repeatedly reminded of the requirements of the law, and in some cases it has been necessary to threaten to enforce the penal provisions. The law requires that these reports shall be made to the government April 1 and October 1 each year.

When the law first became effective it was necessary to send special agents into the field to enforce compliance. Recently, however, the dealers and manufacturers have shown more willingness to comply with the law.

Forest Fire Extinguished.

Through the efforts of the Kentucky department of forestry, a forest fire on the Tennessee border of Bell county was extinguished, after a two days' fight waged by County Warden T. G. Ford and a volunteer crew. Warden Ford wired State Forester J. B. Barton that the fire was out. Forester Barton said the unprotected wooded slopes on the Tennessee and Virginia borders are a constant menace to the Kentucky forests, where a close watch must be kept, lest a fire start in one of the other states and get such headway that it can not be stopped.

Commission Form Victorious.

In addition to the adoption of the commission form of government for Paducah, the fourth city of the second class in Kentucky, this same form for the government of counties was adopted in lieu of the fiscal court system in Jefferson, McCracken and Montgomery counties last Tuesday. Three negroes were among the councilmen elected this week. Two are at Harrodsburg and the other at Winchester.

Women Elected Superintendents.

Five more women were elected county school superintendents in Kentucky at the last election than ever before, according to the list in the department of education. There are at present twenty women superintendents. Last Tuesday twenty-five were elected. Forty-six superintendents were re-elected and seventy-four new ones, every one of the latter of whom must possess state teachers' certificates or diplomas in order to qualify. Usually about half the superintendents are re-elected.

Agriculturists Will Meet.

Commissioner of Agriculture J. W. Newman will entertain members of the Association of Commissioners of Agriculture in the Southern States in Louisville on Thanksgiving day, after which all will go to Chicago to attend the livestock show. A tentative program for a round-table discussion at the Louisville meeting has been arranged as follows:

Commissioner Kolb, of Alabama, "Rural Cash and Rural Credit."

Commissioner Rogers, of Arkansas, "Pastures."

Commissioner Price, of Georgia, "Fertilizers."

Commissioner Newman, of Kentucky, "The Cow."

Commissioner McRae, of Florida, "Immigration."

Commissioner Bruner, of Louisiana, "Tares on Cotton Bales."

Commissioner Blakeslee, of Mississippi, "Cattle and the Fever Tick."

Commissioner Wilson, of Missouri, "Corn."

Commissioner Watson, of South Carolina, "Co-operative Marketing."

Commissioner Hooper, of Tennessee, "The Hog and Hog Cholera."

Commissioner Kone, of Texas, "Farm Production of Farm Supplies."

Commissioner Koerner, of Virginia, "Tobacco."

Threaten to Stop Writing.

An informal conference of fire insurance companies interested in Kentucky business was held in New York to consider the unfavorable conditions in Kentucky. Judge Thomas Bates, of Chicago, and Clem E. Wheeler, proprietor of the Kentucky Actuarial Bureau, attended in order to give any information desired regarding the situation. There was no concerted action, but the company managers say that there can be no profit in any Kentucky business, on which rates are reduced, in view of the fact that the loss ratio for Kentucky in 1912 was 64.7 and for 1911 68.6. When expense ratios are added to these figures they say Kentucky rates are too low now, and that the only remedy, when Kentucky rates are reduced by the state rating commission, is to stop writing the classes made expensive to companies by the new schedules. This, it is apparent, will be done by companies acting independently of one another.

Not Bound to Support Father.

The Appellate Court decided that when a son takes land from his father in consideration of an agreement to support the father for life, and the father goes crazy and is sent to the asylum, the son is not compelled to pay the asylum for the keep of the father. The case decided is that of the Eastern State Hospital of Lexington against W. P. Goodman, in which the judgment of the Fleming Circuit Court is affirmed.

W. P. Goodman had transferred to W. A. Goodman a tract of forty-seven acres of land on consideration that W. A. Goodman would support him for life. He was sent to the asylum for a few months later and the asylum sued him to recover \$140.95. The court holds that the contract made between the son and the father was for the support of the father at home and not in a hospital, and that the son at all times was ready and willing to carry out his contract at home.

Amendments Probably Adopted.

While it will probably take the official count of the returns in the 120 counties to determine the result of the vote on the two amendments proposed to the Kentucky constitution it seems that both have been adopted. The first calls for such a change in the constitution as will permit convicts to be worked on the public roads and bridges, and the second provides for a change to permit the classification of property for taxation, the idea being to curtail the amount of evasion and to get more revenue into the coffers of the state. One of the most commendable features of the election was the vote in Fayette, Christian and Henderson counties to establish and constitute each of those counties as a tuberculosis district and to erect and maintain therein a sanitarium for the treatment of the white plague.

Banquet Given Dr. Yeager.

Dr. Arthur Yeager, having been sworn at Georgetown as governor of Porto Rico, left Wednesday for the beautiful island to take up his duties. On the eve of his departure he was tendered a banquet by the citizens of Georgetown. John R. Downing, who, it is expected by his Democratic friends, is to have a good appointment in the treasury department, presided as toastmaster. Congressman J. Campbell Cantrill was one of the speakers.

Rejects All Meat Bids.

Believing that the reduction of the tariff would reduce the price of meat, the Prison Commission rejected all bids on the supplies offered for the annual meat contract for the penitentiaries and reform school. If contracts cannot be made for three months, the commission will slaughter its own meat and will place John Schnorbus, of Covington, at the head of that department.

New Governor's Oak Planted.

In the presence of several hundred persons, including pupils of the Frankfort public schools and state officials, Governor McCreary planted an oak in the state arboretum in the rear of the Capitol building, to take the place of the "governor's oak" which was planted last Arbor day by him and died.

The planting took place at the conclusion of the Arbor day exercises on the rear portico of the Capitol, and followed his remark that "to plant a tree is the proper way to celebrate Arbor day."

GO

While there is yet time!

The Sign at Six

will indicate to you the power I possess, and failure to obey will result in death and destruction not only to yourself, but to the entire city!

The Sign at Six

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

WILL BE

Our Next Serial Story.

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